

The Quality of My Writing

By Peter David Smith

When I first started to write this book I found it very hard. I had to write some autobiographical stuff which was cringingly embarrassing to me. I was deep in experiencing my memories of childhood and youth and it made me realise, not for the first time, that I am still a silly little boy who is trying to understand life.

A silly little boy thinking “Why is life the way it is?” and “Why are neurotypical people the way they are?” and “Why am I the way I am?” and “What the hell am I supposed to do?” and “How come nobody seems to know very much? Even scientists and priests and philosophers appear to be stumbling around in the same sort of ignorance as me? Although many people are better than me at masking it?”

But I had to struggle through the cringingly embarrassing bits towards eventually beginning to be a better writer.

I feel I’m now able to write more naturally and at a better standard of quality. I’ve found that I’m able to write some pieces with which I can feel really, really pleased.

I’m particularly pleased with the way my subconscious mind is helping me. Very often I wake up with an idea or two or sometimes a mystic revelation. Just the day before yesterday I woke up with a series of thoughts about Islamic prayer times.

I’m not a Moslem but I felt very attracted to Islam a long time ago when I was about 28. I had just gotten away from Emin cult brainwashing and I was trying to deprogram myself from all of the rubbish Emin had been putting in my head for all those years. As part of this deprogramming I went to a couple of Spiritualist Churches, also a “Church of Christ Scientist” and a Methodist Church, spent a weekend at Bhaktivedanta Manor with the Krishna devotees, joined the Buddhist Society in London and also attended meetings of the Eckankar group and read the first one hundred pages of the Dianetics book (before throwing it down in disgust). All of these activities were intended to push my mind in different directions in order to flush the Emin training out of my brain cells.

Then I went to the London Central Mosque and asked questions of the Koran scholars there. I loved the architecture of the mosque and felt very drawn towards the idea of Islam, at least as I understood it at the time. I was on the brink of taking the full oath of allegiance to Islam when I shied away from it because I found out about the way women in some Moslem countries have to walk behind the man. As a person who had always agreed with women’s rights and gender equality I was shocked to discover that Islam was so completely patriarchal.

So I didn’t become a Moslem after all. But I had gotten as far as buying a prayer mat and a compass.

Anyway, the day before yesterday I woke up thinking about the five prayer times and why were there five?

As I stumbled around, in and out of the shower and into the kitchen, making breakfast, I was figuring out that the day divides into one third sleeping and two thirds waking, with the five Moslem prayer times distributed throughout the 16 hours of waking. Prayer and then a four hour interval, prayer again and then another four hours, prayer and then another four hours, prayer again and then the final four hours of the day and then the prayer before sleeping.

It suddenly occurred to me that there must be a sixth prayer time in the middle of the night, halfway through the eight hours of sleep!

This sixth prayer time would be when we are deeply asleep and on an astral journey into a meeting with the angels!

Now, I don't actually believe in God or angels or the effectiveness of prayer or any such thing as "astral travelling". But one of the great things about being a storyteller is that I can wake up with all these amazing thoughts without ever needing to believe in any of it.

I've thought a lot about whether something like an "astral plane" or a "spirit world" is even possible. At the current moment in time I don't think it could be real in a physical or physics sense but as a Jungian type of archetypal structure it is definitely as real and solid as any other well known archetype.

Down in the lower levels of the astral world there are lost souls being thrown into pits of despair and, in the level just above them, there are the angel headed hipsters goofballing about on their psycho-delic journeys. On the next level up we (probably) make choices along the dividing of the paths of the cabalistic tree of life, going into the dreamworld or being suckered by our fears and desires, climbing up ladders and falling down the snakes within the partly Judaic tree system and the partly Norse Yggdrasil archetype of the realms. The spirits of Death, Destruction and G.B.H. come to menace us and the angels of mercy and Direct Messaging soothe us with their soothsaying.

So, the more I thought about prayer time number six the more I realised that it was the whole symbol structure of "The Back", being on your back while asleep, watching your back, going there and coming back and all the semiotic stuff of the hidden place within the most vulnerable time. In my mind's eye I saw the image of the "Star of David" inscribed within a circle of the 24 hours with the five points representing the waking prayer times and the sixth point of the symbol being the "watching of your Six".

I remembered that, in 1974, a few months before I joined the Emin, I had attempted to astral travel using a method described in a library book. It was a visualisation exercise which required me to imagine a door in front of me, and on the door a symbol of a tarot card. The method was to visualise that door night after night making the details become clearer and clearer until it was possible to look away from the tarot card door and look back again and the door would still be there because my mind had made it real.

I practiced this exercise night after night. I was working in the mornings, delivering the Christmas post for the G.P.O. So I would come home from the Post Office, drink Pernod, smoke Sobranie Black Russian cigarettes, imagine myself as Jerry Cornelius and then go to bed and visualise the tarot card door.

Eventually the exercise sort of worked. The door swung upon and I saw a brilliant vivid vision of a shining white six-pointed star. The experience lasted a few seconds.

Then it was over and I hadn't succeeded in astral travelling. But I had seen a vision and I was happy with that.

A few months later, by a terrible mistake, I joined the Emin and got hypnotised into believing everything they said, including some impossible things. I once told an Emin woman called Grace/Minette about seeing that white six-pointed star in that vision. As I told her about the vision I thought that she would believe me but, a few weeks later when I mentioned it again, she cynically said "Oh yeah, you saw a blue pentagram...." and that told me all I needed to know about Grace/Minette's attitude.

I'd had a real experience of something which I didn't fully understand but telling other people about it just made me sound like a common or garden bullshitter. I just had to accept that telling people about an inner mystical experience was like casting pearls before swine. It doesn't matter.

Anyway, where was I?

Oh yeah. So now I understand about "the inner light", as they say.

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